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HISTORICAL EXAMPLES OF HUMANITY.

ON the day of the battle of Dettingen, a musketeer, named Girardeau, dangerously wounded, was carried near the Duke of Cumberland's tent. They could find no surgeon, all of them being sufficiently employed elsewhere. They were going to dress the Duke, the calf of whose leg had been pierced by a ball: "Begin," said that generous prince, "begin with relieving that French officer, he is more wounded than I; he may fail of succour, and I shall not."

Alphonso V. King of Sicily and Arragon, was besieging the city of Gayette. That place beginning to fail of provisions, the inhabitants were obliged to turn out the women, children, and old men, who were so many useless mouths.—These poor people found themselves reduced to the most direful extremity. If they approached the city, the besieged fired on them; if they advanced towards the enemy's camp they there met the same danger. In this sad condition, those wretches implored sometimes the compassion of their countrymen, not to suffer them to die with hunger. Alphonso was moved with pity at this spectacle, and forbid his soldiers to use them ill. He then assembled his council, and asked the advice of the principal officers, respecting the manner he ought to act with these unfortunate people. They all gave their opinion that they ought not to receive them, and said, that if they perished by hunger, or by the sword, none could be blamed but the inhabitants, who had driven them out of the city. Alphonso was offended at their hardness of heart: he protested he would rather renounce the taking of Gayette than resolve to let so many wretches die with hunger. He also added, that a victory purchased at that price would be less worthy of a magnanimous king than a barbarian and a tyrant. I am not come said he, to make war on women, children, and feeble old men, but on enemies capable of defending themselves. He immediately gave orders that they should receive all those unfortunate people into the camp, and caused provisions, and whatever was necessary, to be distributed among them.

A violent tempest, which Alphonso V. king of Arragon, was exposed to at sea, obliged him to put into an island. Being there in perfect security, he perceived one of his galleys on the point of being swallowed up in

the waves, with the equipage and troops that were on board.—The spectacle excited his compassion, and he immediately gave orders that they should go and succour those unhappy people. Hereupon his people terrified at the danger, represented to him, that it was better to let one ship perish, than expose all the rest to the danger of shipwreck. Alphonso did not listen to this advice; but without deliberating, embarked on board the Admiral's ship, and immediately departed to give them timely succour: the rest, seeing the king expose himself with so much resolution, were animated by his example, and every one hastened to follow him. The enterprize at length succeeded: but he likewise ran great risk of perishing, it being so very dangerous. The generous Alphonso said, after this magnanimous action. I would have preferred being buried in the sea with all my fleet, rather than have seen those poor wretches perish full in my view without lending them a helping hand.

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An original letter from a Quaker to a Watch-maker.

FRIEND JOHN,

I HAVE once more sent my erroneous watch; which wants thy friendly care and correction; the last time it was at thy school, he was no ways benefited by thy instruction. I find by the index of his tongue he is a liar, and that his motions are wavering and unsettled; which makes me believe he is not right in the inward man, I mean the main spring. I would have thee prove and try him with thy adjusting tool of truth, that if possible thou may'st drive him from the errors of his ways, imagining his body to be foul, and the whole mass corrupted; purge him with thy cleansing stick from all pollution, so that he may vibrate and circulate according to truth: I will board him with thee a few days, and pay thee for his board when thou requirest it. In thy late bill thou chargest me with the one eighth of a pound, which I will assuredly pay thee when thy work deserves it. Friend, when thou correctest him, do it without passion, lest by severity thou drivest him to destruction.—I would have thee let him visit the sun's motion, and learn him his true calculation, table and equation; and when thou findest him conformed to that, send him home with a just bill of moderation, and it shall be faithfully remitted to thee by thy true Friend.

HISTORY OF
DONNA ELVIRA DE ZUARES.

(Continued from page 115.)

DON Sebastian, in the mean time, who was resolved to die, rather than permit Elvira to be given to the arms of Balthazar; was continually in consultation with Don Pedro, but prevailed on him to conceal from Elvira the depth of his despair, or that he had any designs to oppose the intended marriage, farther than by his prayers to Heaven: he also avoided the sight of Don Balthazar, never visiting Don Pedro but at those hours when he was sure he was not there. This conduct, which Elvira imagined was the effect of her orders, entirely dissipated the fears she had been in for him, and gave her time and coolness of mind to meditate on what was best for her to do. She could not think it possible, that a man should obstinately persist in his desires of marrying a woman, who should tell him with her own mouth, all the softness of her soul was devoted to another; and therefore resolved to pass over all sorts of considerations, to convince Lina of this truth. A young maid truly discreet could not bring herself to such a confession, without the utmost pain, especially to a man who would, and perhaps might become her husband. But Elvira knowing that all that had been said to him by others made no impression on him, was determined to force her modesty to this last resource: the extremity to which she was reduced, rendered her more bold; and one day, when Don Balthazar found her only with her women, and he had given her an opportunity to execute her design, by reminding her that the time her uncle demanded was very near expired; "my Lord," answered she "you would do an action worthy of everlasting praises, if you would prolong it for my whole life: for in fine, you cannot be ignorant that I am destined to another by my parents, and my own inclination; and when you pretend to hope, I may one day be brought to love you; the excess of grief you see me plunged in, convinces you, in spite of yourself, that there is no possibility I shall ever do so—All Lisbon knows this truth, why then should I fear to tell it you?—Learn then" continued she, blushing, "learn from my own mouth, that I love, and am beloved with the utmost extremity of passion.—No other than Don Sebastian de Suza, can pretend to my heart; it is a passion born with me, of a piece with my life, and will continue to my grave—what would be the glory, what the sweetness of a married state, where the best you should find from your wife, would be coldness and indifference?—Where the person who fills your arms would return your endearments but with sighs for your rival, and who would continually reproach you both with her words and tears, for being the author of her misfortune?

"Ah! my Lord, for your own sake as well as mine, consider well on the horrors of such an union: spare yourself the shame it would draw on you—remember that all the world is sensible I love you not, that I never shall love you, and that my eternal tenderness is for your rival.—These are my sentiments, my Lord; I will not conceal them from you! you shall

"have nothing to reproach me with, when it is no longer in your power to break those ties which will be then no less dreadful to you than to myself.—Desist, therefore, from your pursuit—return to justice and to reason, and force me not to enter into engagements so shocking to my soul, and which, in their consequence, may perhaps, be more fatal to your glory than to mine."

Whatever good opinion Don Balthazar had of himself it was impossible to dissemble the spite he conceived at this discourse; he reddened, he turned pale, and was about to interrupt her an hundred times, but had not words to explain himself with: his surprize was at least equal to his vexation, to see a maid of her age, and whose modesty was as conspicuous as her beauty, assume courage to reveal a secret of that nature to a person who was to be her spouse.

As he was naturally fierce and haughty, he was going to answer her with sharpness; but then reflecting that it was not yet his right to speak as master, he constrained himself as much as possible, that nothing of what passed in his soul might be obvious to her; and looking on her, not with anger, but with coldness. "Any other than myself, Madam," said he "might have just cause to fear the consequences of marriage after such a confidence; but as I know your virtue, nothing is capable of intimidating me.—You are yet too young to know yourself; your tenderness for Suza arose from your obedience to your parents; they are dead, and a greater power, the King himself, now commands you to love me: I dare believe, your duty will be always a law to you, and that you will transplant all the affection you were bid to bestow on my rival, on him you are now ordained to give it to.

"I confess, I am charmed with that readiness with which you followed the first will of your parents; I may judge by that resignation in your nature, that you will always preserve that glorious title of a virtuous woman, and far from apprehending my honour will suffer in an union with you, I expect only the extreme felicity. Cease then, any vain endeavours to change me; the more you have loved Don Sebastian, the more I find you worthy to be loved. It is duty I know, that regulates all the movements of your heart, and when you shall consider that it is it which commands you to love me, I shall find the happy effects of it.—Therefore, Madam," continued he rising from his chair, "never imagine I shall forego my pretensions; but, on the contrary, I now go to press the hastening that fortunate moment, which shall put me in possession of so perfect an object." With these words, having made her a low bow, he went out of the room, leaving her in such despair, at the ill success of her enterprize, that, had she not been prevented by her women, she would certainly have laid violent hands on her own life. Leonora was the chief of those who attended her, had been her nurse, and was a person of great discretion; yet all the arguments she could alledge, joined to the affection Elvira had for her, seemed too little, for a long time, to calm the furious agitations of her soul.

But as *Elvira* had a soul truly great, and entirely free from those weaknesses to which too many of her sex abandon themselves, she at last recovered her usual courage; and, ashamed of her first emotions, as contrary to both her religion and her glory, she thanked *Leonora* for the remonstrances she had made her. But though the rage against herself was over, the disdain she conceived for *Don Balthazar* was not so; and she took, that moment, a firm resolution to throw herself, for ever, into a cloister; rather than yield to be his wife. The ironical air with which he had spoken, had touched her to the quick; she was sensible of the whole meaning of his words, and judging rightly of the fate she must expect with a husband of that humour, protested to herself to neglect nothing which might deliver her from him.

"*Leonora*," said she to her nurse, after having ordered her other women to retire, "I yield to your reasons, and promise you to do nothing unworthy of me; but you must then approve a design I have just now formed, and assist me in the execution of it: all my family abandon me, and ambitious policy has turned them on the side of *Lama*; but I am determined to shew them, I despise those vain titles with which they have suffered themselves to be dazzled, and, in spite of the whole world, will never be the wife of any man, if I cannot be that of the unfortunate *Sebastian*."

Then she conjured her to help her in leaving the house of *Don Pedro*, and conduct her to a Monastery, where the sister of *Leonora* was a recluse; she also commanded her not to discover her retreat to any person in the world, not even to *Sebastian* himself; to the end, his astonishment might be a convincing proof, that he had no hand in her elopement. "The difficulty of finding me," said she, "will give time to *Don Pedro*, his friends, and those of *Sebastian*, to enter into some measures, perhaps more successful than any they yet have tried; and, at the same time assure all the protectors of *Don Lama*, of my fixed aversion for him: It is possible the King himself may reflect on the barbarity of his commands, and use his authority no farther in behalf of his favourite."

Leonora made use of her utmost efforts to dissuade her from this design; but it was invincibly settled in her mind: so that, finding she could not prevail, she consented to do as she required, and swore an inviolable secrecy. As there now remained but two days of the eight *Don Pedro* had obtained from the President, it was concluded between them to depart the next night.

Leonora went immediately to prepare her sister, and every thing happened according to their wishes; the nun, who had great power in the Monastery, assured *Leonora*, that she would conceal *Elvira* so well, that none should know any thing more of her than she was willing to reveal.

The affair being thus regulated, the night of the succeeding day, when the rest of the family were buried in sleep, *Donna Elvira* having none but *Leonora* with her, went out of her apartment, by a pair of back-stairs into the garden, which had a door that opened into a quarter of the town, but little frequented: there *Elvira* found a chaise, which *Leonora* had appointed at that time, at-

tended by men on whose fidelity she could depend. They took leave of each other in this place, *Elvira* thinking it best, she should remain in the house, and feign to be entirely ignorant of what was become of her; that she might privately inform her of all that passed.

This beautiful creature arrived at the Convent, and was received without any accident or obstacle; and *Leonora* returned to her chamber, leaving the garden-door open; she had also the precaution to fasten *Elvira's* sheets to the bars of the window, to make it appear, as if she had escaped that way. Then having done all that was necessary to conceal the truth, she went to bed, and waited patiently for the hour in which it was her custom to go into her mistress's apartment.

(To be continued.)

Letters addressed to YOUNG WOMEN, (married or single) by
Mrs. GRIFFITH.

LETTER X.

ON THE EARLY INSTRUCTION OF CHILDREN IN THE
BEAUTIES OF NATURE; AND IN HUMILITY, COMPAS-
SION, INDUSTRY, &c.

(Continued from Page 116.)

MY DEAR FRIENDS,

CERTAIN it is, that the duty of charity might be impressed on the minds of children at a very early age; a girl of six years old might, instead of always dressing her dolls and babies, be taught to knit stockings for the poor children in the neighbourhood, or for the aged and infirm; that a child of that age is *not capable* of performing such a task, is a very great mistake; as great as is our falsely imagining they cannot be made of use until they arrive at the age of twelve years. We are extremely deceived in this particular, in imagining all those years are to be devoted only to play and amusement, because a child is not capable of being made of use. We should see our mistake, were we to visit (to go no farther) some of our largest and most populous towns in England, where the great linen and other manufactories are carried on; there we should see amazing numbers of children, from the age of five to eight, with the utmost attention applying themselves to the curious art of *spinning* in all its branches; their little tasks performed with the greatest care and exactness, and each vying with the others to excel. I only mention this undoubted fact to shew that it is very possible to make a child of that age of great use.—Children, we may always observe, like to be thought of *consequence*; and are never so happy, as when employed in any occupation which seems to place them above the rank of children: in fact, they have more reflection, memory and dexterity, than we imagine they have:—and I have often seen boys of six or eight years old, tired heartily of the dull insipidity and childish sports with which they have been surrounded; but on the moment they have been called forth to some little employment for a few minutes, which *favoured of business*, how has their eye sparkling with pleasure, and their cheeks flushed with joy, testified their extreme delight in being made of *consequence*!—The poor in general from necessity, are obliged to make their children very early serviceable. On entering once

a small farm-house, I saw a groupe of little girls all *profitably* employed: the eldest, eight years old, whilst her mother was gone into the harvest field, was rocking (with a face of the greatest care and tenderness) a little infant, her brother, to sleep in a cradle; the second was feeding and nursing a lamb which had been hurt; the two youngest were very hard at work knitting their father's stockings. I would not here be understood, that I approve of girls being old women, or boys old men: I would only endeavour to prove (from *facts*) that children might be made very *useful* members of the community, without spending the first eight or ten years of their lives in the most idle dissipation; which may lead them to contract such bad habits, that are never eradicated during the remainder of their days.

Neither is the method of employing children in some little work of utility, at all preventive of the plays and sports of that age. The above industrious family of little girls, I have mentioned, I saw two hours afterwards romping with several others in an adjoining meadow, in the highest spirits imaginable; which play they would not probably have enjoyed with so much *glee*, had they been *idling* about the whole day.

If a little girl of fashion be early initiated in the principles of benevolence, by being taught some necessary needle work for the use of the poor; a boy of that rank might have a small piece of garden-ground allotted him, with the necessary implements of husbandry, with which he might amuse himself some hours every day: the produce of this little garden he should give to the *poor*: he would likewise draw *health* from the culture of it; and, above all things, have a constant opportunity of seeing displayed the astonishing wonders of nature, in the formation and nourishment of herbs, plants, roots, &c. This would be a constant subject for speculation: and, as the young mind is expanded, it would be every day still more delighted with that inexhaustible fund of natural beauties, which the bountiful hand of the Almighty has so lavishly poured over the face of the globe.

Above all things, *humility* is one of the first principles which should be most assiduously cultivated. Whether it be that *pride* is inherent to the very nature of man, I will not pretend to determine, but certain it is, that a child very early discovers strong symptoms of this vice. The utmost care should be taken to guard against it, and it should be constantly made the subject of the greatest absurdity and ridicule, that the mind of a child can be capable of feeling; it cannot be mentioned to them with abhorrence enough.—Indeed, were we seriously to consider, we should soon find that if we expect temporal felicity, the first step should be to consider which *prevents* and *excludes* it; we should then soon perceive, that the *parent* from which all our miseries proceed (sickness, pain, and poverty out of the question) is *pride*. Whoever strictly examines their own heart, and their catalogue of vices, will soon see that *pride* is the source of envy, hatred, malice, anger, tyranny, implacability, revenge, cruelty, impatience, obstinacy, ingratitude, self-love, aversion, treachery, profusion; not to mention a hun-

dred less evils, as petulance, impertinence, *affectation*. But I should never have done, were I to trace the numberless crimes and absurdities which a curious observer will be convinced arises from the detestable vice of *pride*: and yet how lamentable is it to see this shocking vice *taught* a child as soon as it is able to speak or stand! Girls, particularly, are very early initiated into this bane of felicity. A little girl is constantly told, "she is the greatest beauty in the world; and that she must not speak to poor children, or beggars; and that she shall ride in her coach and six; &c. &c. This discourse naturally makes her think she is of vast consequence;—and, as Pope says,

"On infant cheeks *unbidden* blushes glow,
"And little hearts soon flutter"

I will not add in this sense

—"at a *beam*;"

but at the idea of *pomp* and *grandeur*: it seems to be the first idea, which takes the strongest possession of the human mind.

To obviate this evil, children cannot be too often, or too much instructed, in the doctrine of their *utter insignificance* and *nothingness*.—I do not mean that their being *children* makes them proud; but that our present rank of *being* in the general chain, subject as we are to misery, necessity, and dependance, ought to preclude every sentiment of *pride*:—we may justly say, that "*Pride was not made for man*." It is the most unhappy propensity a child can have, as it causes them to overlook their defects, and consequently puffs them up, so as to hinder making farther improvements; and it possesses them with an opinion that they *deserve* more than they have, and therefore renders them dissatisfied with their enjoyments; for it is most certain, that in proportion as we *overvalue* ourselves, we *undervalue* what we enjoy; because, while we compare what we enjoy, with the fond opinion that we have of ourselves, we always find it short of our desires, and so can never be satisfied with it.

Every step, every method, should be pursued to endeavour to convince a child of its *dependence*, and of its *unimportance*.—There is a kind of *seeming inattention* very proper on this occasion, which we may often use with great success.—When a child imagines, through a sense of its *importance* that by *dint* of crying, it can gain its point, the most perfect *disregard* to their *scheme*, is then of great service;—it is best on these occasions to leave them entirely to themselves, till their *fit* of obstinacy is over.

Rousseau, in his account of the excellent management of the children of his favourite *Eloisa*, says, that on St. Prier: expressing his astonishment at her, to see so much *humility* and *obedience* in her little boys of four and five years old, he enquires, by what means it could have been accomplished: and that he supposes infinite pains must have been taken in bringing children to such a desirable *obedient* disposition.—*Eloisa* assures him, it is the mere effect of *inattention only*; and that not the least regard to their crying, except for pain, was ever shewn them: by

this means they were taught never to contend, but to submit quietly at once. They learned *humility*, from observing they were not of consequence enough to have their idle passions of *crying* listened to; and *obedience*, because they found there was no contending with the invariable rules they were governed by, which were always *decisive* and *unalterable*.

Children are so cunning, that from watching the looks of those about them (in which they commonly see an anxious care for their welfare) they very soon find their own consequence; it were well then, if possible, to conceal our *over-solicitude* from these little curious observers. This was the case of Eloisa in regard to her children, who, though in reality the most tender and anxious of mothers, appeared the most *inattentive*; but it was in *appearance only*, as she hid under that innocent disguise the most watchful vigilance and anxious care, in observing their every minutest action; by which she formed her ideas of their several dispositions.—An accurate judgment cannot be formed of the *wayward heart* of a child, without the most watchful and unremitting attention.

As from custom the boys will soon be removed from under your careful eyes to public schools, I have not the presumption to *intermeddle*, by saying a single syllable relative to their education; but you will permit me, I hope, to throw together a few remarks, with an humble but earnest wish that they may possibly be of some little use to the other part of your increasing families; to your dear little girls, whom alas! I have so fondly and so vainly wished to live to instruct, and to cherish those virtues which so eminently adorn their excellent mothers; and who, though themselves are so capable

"To teach the young idea how to shoot,

"To pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind,

"To plant the gen'rous purpose in the glowing breast."

will yet, with their usual condescension, I trust, accept this feeble but very sincere effort of gratitude and affection.

Adieu! I must lay down my weary pen for the present.

You know I am faithfully

Your's, &c.

THE YELLOW-HAMMER AND NIGHTINGALE

A FABLE.

A YELLOW-HAMMER and Nightingale were suspended in their cages at the outside of Damon's window. The Nightingale began to warble, and Damon's child was smit with admiration of his melody, 'Which of the birds,' said he, 'sing so delightfully?' I will shew you 'them,' answered the father, 'and you may guess.' The boy fixed his eye on the Yellow-Hammer; 'This must be the songster. How beautifully painted are his feathers! The other, you may see by his plumage, is quite unmusical, and good for nothing!' 'The vulgar,' said Damon, 'judge precisely after the same manner, and form their opinion of merit, merely by external appearance.'

THE APPARITIONIST.

AN INTERESTING FRAGMENT,

FOUND AMONG THE PAPERS OF COUNT O****

Translated from the German of Schiller.

(Continued from Page 119.)

"I FREQUENTLY attempted to withdraw my eyes from this figure, but they returned involuntarily, and found him always unaltered. I pointed him out to the person who sat nearest to me on the other side, and he did the same to the person next to him. In a few minutes a general curiosity and astonishment pervaded the whole company. The conversation languished; a general silence succeeded; the monk did not interrupt it. He continued motionless, and always the same; his grave and mournful looks constantly fixed upon the new-married couple: His appearance struck every one with terror. The young Countess alone, who found the transcript of her own sorrow in the face of the stranger, beheld with a sullen satisfaction the only object that seemed to sympathize in her sufferings. The crowd insensibly diminished. It was past midnight. The music became faint and languid; the tapers grew dim, and many of them went out. The conversation declining by degrees, lost itself at last in secret murmurs and the faintly illuminated hall was nearly deserted. — The Monk, in the mean time, continued motionless; his grave and mournful look still fixed on the new-married couple. The company at length rose from the table. The guests dispersed. The family assembled in a separate group, and the Monk though uninvited, continued near them. How it happened that no person spoke to him, I cannot conceive."

"The female friends now surrounded the trembling bride, who cast a supplicating and distressed look on the awful stranger; he did not answer it. The gentlemen assembled in the same manner around the bridegroom. A solemn and anxious silence prevailed among them. — How happy we are here together, said at length the old Marquis, who alone seemed not to behold the stranger, or at least seemed to behold him without dismay; — How happy we are here together, and my son Jeronymo cannot be with us! —"

"Have you invited him, and did not he answer your invitation? — asked the Monk, It was the first time he had spoken. We looked at him alarmed."

"Alas! He is gone to a place from whence there is no return; — answered the old man — Reverend father! You misunderstood me. My son Jeronymo is dead. —"

"Perhaps he only fears to appear in this company; — replied the Monk. — Who knows how your son Jeronymo may be situated? Let him now hear the voice which he heard the last. Desire your son Lorenzo to call him. —"

"What does he mean? — whispered the company one to another. Lorenzo changed colour. My own hair began to stand on my head."

"In the mean time the Monk approached a sideboard. He took a glass of wine and bringing it to his lips — To the memory of our dear Jeronymo! — said he. — Every one who loved the deceased will follow my example —"

"Wherever you come from reverend father!—exclaimed the old Marquis—You have pronounced a dearly beloved name, and you are welcome here;—then turning to us he offered us full glasses.—Come, my friends! Let us not be surpassed by a stranger. The memory of my son Jeronymo!—"

"Never, I believe, was any toast less heartily received."

"There is one glass left;—said the Marquis.—Why does my son Lorenzo refuse to pay this friendly tribute?"

"Lorenzo trembling, received the glass from the hands of the Monk; tremblingly he put it to his lips.—My dearly beloved brother Jeronymo!—he hesitatingly pronounced, and seized with horror he replaced the glass unemptied."

"This is the voice of my murderer!—exclaimed a terrible figure which appeared instantaneously in the midst of us, covered with blood, and disfigured with horrible wounds."

"But ask nothing further from me," added the Sicilian with every symptom of horror in his countenance. "I lost my senses the moment I looked at this apparition. The same happened to every one present. When we recovered, the Monk and the ghost had disappeared. Lorenzo was in the agonies of death. He was carried to bed in the most dreadful convulsions. No person attended him but his confessor and the sorrowful old Marquis, in whose presence he expired.—The Marquis died a few weeks after him. Lorenzo's secret is concealed in the bosom of the Priest, who received his last confession; no person ever learnt what it was."

"Soon after this event, a well was cleaned in the farmyard of the Marquis's villa. It had been disused many years, and was almost closed up by shrubs and old trees. A skeleton was found among the rubbish. The house, where this happened, is now no more; the family *del M.* . . . is extinct, and Antonia's tomb may be seen in a Convent not far from Salerno."

Terror and astonishment kept us silent. "You see," continued the Sicilian, "You see how my acquaintance with this Russian officer, Arminian, or Franciscan Friar has originated. Judge whether I had not cause to tremble at the sight of a being, who has twice placed himself in my way in a manner so terrible."

"I beg you will answer me one question more," said the Prince, rising from his seat;—"Have you been always sincere in your account of the *Chevalier*?"

"Yes, my Prince; to the best of my knowledge."

"You really believed him to be an honest man?"

"I did; by Heaven! I believed him to be an honest man."

"Even at the time that he gave you the ring?"

"How! He gave me no ring. I did not say that he gave me the ring."

"Very well!" said the Prince, pulling the bell, and preparing to depart. "And you believe," (going back to the prisoner) "that the ghost of the *Marquis de Lanoy*, which the Russian officer introduced after your apparition, was a real ghost?"

"I cannot think otherwise."

"Let us go!" said the Prince, addressing himself to us. The jailor came in. "We have done;" said the Prince to him. "As for you," turning to the prisoner, "you shall hear farther from me."

(To be continued.)

THE ORIGIN OF DESPAIR.

HAPPINESS depends upon the gratification of our desires and passions. The happiness of Titus arose from the indulgence of a beneficent temper: Epaminondas reaped enjoyment from the love of his country. The love of fame was the source of Cæsar's felicity; and the gratification of groveling appetites gave delight to Vitellius. It has also been observed, that some one passion generally assumes a pre-eminence in the mind, and not only predominates over other appetites and desires, but contends with reason, and is often victorious. In proportion as one passion gains strength, the rest languish and are enfeebled. They are seldom exercised; their gratifications yield transient pleasure, become of slight importance, are dispirited and decay: thus our happiness is attached to one ruling and ardent passion; but our reasonings concerning future events, are weak and short-sighted. We form schemes of felicity that can never be realized, and cherish affections that can never be gratified.

If, therefore, the disappointed passion has been long encouraged, if the gay visions of hope and imagination have long administered to its violence, if it is confirmed by habit, in the temper and constitution; if it has superseded the operation of other active principles, and so enervated their strength, its disappointment will be embittered; and sorrow, prevented by no other passion, will prey, unabating, on the desolate, abandoned spirits. We may also observe, that none are more liable to afflictions of this sort, than those to whom nature has given extreme sensibility. Alive to every impression, their feelings are exquisite; they are eager in every pursuit; their imaginations are vigorous, and well adapted to fire them. They live, for a time, in a state of anarchy, exposed to the inroads of every passion, and though possessed of singular abilities, their conduct will be capricious. Glowing with the warmest affections, open, generous, and candid, yet prone to inconstancy, they are incapable of lasting friendship. At length, by force of repeated indulgence, some one passion becomes habitual, occupies the heart, seizes the understanding, and impatient of resistance, or controul, weakens or extirpates every opposing principle: disappointment ensues; no passion remains to administer comfort; and the original sensibility which prompted this disposition, will render the mind more susceptible of anguish, and yield it a prey to despondency. We ought, therefore, to beware of limiting our felicity to the gratification of any individual passion. Nature, ever wise and provident, hath endowed us with capacities for various pleasures, and hath opened to us many fountains of happiness; let no tyrannous passion, let no rigid doctrine deter thee; drink of the stream, be moderate and be grateful.

GENUINE ANECDOTE.

AN Irish and Scotch officer quarrelled the day before the battle of Fontenoy was fought : a challenge was given by the latter ; and they were to have met next morning, but, in the interim, they received orders to be ready at break of day, as the action would then take place ; whereupon they mutually agreed for the honour of their country, to postpone the decision of their private affair of honour, till after the battle, as they owed their lives in the first instance to their country. In the course of the conflict, the Scotch officer escaped from the most imminent danger, and the Irish officer, who was his private antagonist, preserved his life at the risque of his own. Nevertheless, after the campaign, the Scotch officer insisted upon satisfaction. They fought, and he again owed his life, which he was obliged to beg, being disarmed, to the generosity of his adversary. The Scotch officer, now convinced of his antagonist's greatness of mind, dropt all farther resentment : on the contrary, the most cordial friendship took place between them, and they were, amongst their acquaintance, styled the modern *Pylades* and *Orestes*.

REFLECTIONS ON MARRIAGE.

THERE is nothing of so great importance to us, as the good qualities of one to whom we join ourselves for life ; they do not only make our present state agreeable, but often determine our happiness to all eternity. Where the choice is left to friends, the chief point under consideration is an estate. Where the parties choose for themselves, their thoughts turn most upon the person. They have both their reasons. The first would procure many conveniences and pleasures of life to the party whose interests they espouse ; and at the same time may hope that the wealth of their friend will turn to their own credit and advantage. The others are preparing for themselves a perpetual feast. A good person does not only raise but continue love, and breeds a secret pleasure and complacency in the beholder.

I should prefer a woman that is agreeable in my own eyes, and not deformed in that of the world, to a celebrated beauty. If you marry one remarkably beautiful, you must have a violent passion for her, or you have not the proper taste of her charms : and if you have such a passion for her, it is odds but it would be embittered with fears and jealousies.

Good nature and evenness of temper will give you an easy companion for life ; virtue and good sense, an agreeable friend ; love and constancy, a good wife or husband. Where we meet one person with all these accomplishments, we find an hundred without any one of them. The world, notwithstanding, is more intent on equipages and all the showy parts of life ; we love rather to dazzle the multitude, than consult our proper interest ; and it is one of the most unaccountable passions of human nature, that we are at greater pains to appear easy and happy to others, than really to make ourselves so. Of all disparities, that in humour makes the most unhappy

marriages, yet scarce enters into our thoughts at the contracting of them. Several that are in this respect unequally yoked, and uneasy for life, with a person of a particular character, might have been pleased and happy with a person of a contrary one, notwithstanding they are both perhaps equally virtuous and laudable in their kind.

Before marriage we cannot be too inquisitive and discerning in the faults of the person beloved, nor after it too dim-sighted and superficial. However perfect and accomplished the person appears to you at a distance, you will find many blemishes and imperfections in her humour, upon a more intimate acquaintance, which you never discerned, or perhaps suspected. Here therefore discretion and good-nature are to shew their strength ; the first will hinder your thoughts from dwelling on what is disagreeable, the other will raise in you all the tenderness of compassion and humanity, and by degrees soften those very imperfections into beauties.

Marriage enlarges the scene of our happiness and miseries ; a marriage of love is pleasant ; a marriage of interest easy ; and a marriage where both meet, happy. A happy marriage has in it all the pleasures of friendship, all the enjoyments of sense and reason, and indeed all the sweets of life. Nothing is a greater mark of a degenerate and vicious age, than the common ridicule which passes on this state of life. It is, indeed, only happy in those who can look down with scorn or neglect on the impiety of the times, and tread the paths of life together in a constant uniform course of virtue.

NEW-YORK.

MARRIED,

Some time since, at New-Haven, Mr. PELEG SANDFORD, of Hartford, merchant, to Mrs. ESTHER AUSTIN, of New-Haven.

At Westchester, by the Rev. Theodosius Barton, Mr. LEWIS H. GUERLAIN, merchant, to Miss SARAH FOWLER, of this city.

On the 11th inst. at Bushwick (L. I.) by the Rev. Mr. Lowe, Mr. ALEXANDER MOWATT, merchant, to Miss ELIZA POST, Esq. all of this city.

On Wednesday the 7th inst. at Flatbush, by the Rev. Mr. Lowe, JAMES SMITH, Esq. to Miss ANN ROSE, both of this city.

DIED,

On the 8th inst. Mr. WILLIAM BECKMAN, aged 70 years and near 6 months.

On the 14th inst. Mr. ANDREW COMMARDINGER, one of the editors of the New-York Weekly Chronicle.

Mr. LEVI WAYLAND, Bookseller, in this city. Secretary to that humane institution, "The Society for the information and assistance of Emigrants."

On the 12th inst. after a short illness, Mr. THOMAS V. JAMES, in the 39th year of his age.

On the 14th inst. in the 21st year of his age, Mr. SAMUEL HART, son of Mr. Ephraim Hart, of this city.

For the NEW-YORK WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

The Editor acknowledges himself indebted to the private repository of a friend for this and the pieces which follow in connection with it. They were written some years ago, have much merit, and never appeared in print.

TO ESCULAPIUS.

GREAT Doctor! with a piteous face
I come to tell my hapless case;
You boast such most amazing skill,
That you can cure me if you will:
I love, alas! too well I know
I love a most enchanting beau:
The sad disorder grows apace,
And clouds with care my ev'ry grace.
I'll state my feelings first of all,
To know if those you symptoms call:
Know then, a most tormenting pain
Shoots frequent thro' my heart and brain;
My memory's short, my pulse is low,
I dream of Cupid, and his bow;
For several hours I sit and sigh,
And the tear trembles in my eye.
Whene'er I pass a shady grove,
I think upon the swain I love:
A seat beneath a willow tree,
Is a mere Paradise to me.
A love-song or romantic tale
Of Ralph and Mary of the vale
Wakes the soft impulse in my breast,
And robs my sick'n'd soul of rest.
And when I seize the trembling quill,
To write of fountain or of rill,
Or dedicate a tuneful line
To any female friend of mine,
The treacherous plume at random strays,
And branches forth in Damon's praise.

These are my maladies, I own,
Discover'd to yourself alone;
And now good Doctor, pray prescribe,
And I'll prepare the glittering bribe.

AMANDA.

TO MY CANDLE.

BY PETER PINDAR.

THOU lone Companion of the spectred night,
I wake amid thy friendly watchful light,
To steal a precious hour from lifeless sleep—
Hark! the wild uproar of the winds!—and hark,
HELL's genius roams the regions of the dark,
And swells the thundering horrors of the DEEP.
From cloud to cloud the pale moon hurrying flies;
Now blacken'd, and now flashing thro' her skies,
But all is silent here—beneath thy beam,
I own I labour for the voice of praise—
For who would sink in dull oblivion's stream?
Who would not live in songs of distant days?
Thus while I wondering pause o'er SHAKESPEARE's page
I mark, in visions of delight, the SAGE.

High o'er the wrecks of man, who stands sublime;
A COLUMN in the melancholy waste,
(Its cities humbled, and its glories past)
Majestic, 'mid the solitude of TIME.
Yet now to sadness let me yield the hour—
Yes, let the tears of purest friendship shower.
I view, alas! what ne'er should die,
A form that wakes my deepest sigh;
A form, that feels of death the leaden sleep—
Descending to the realms of shade,
I view a pale ey'd panting maid;
I see the VIRTUES o'er their favourite weep.
Ah! could the MUSES simple prayer
Command the envied trump of fame,
OBLIVION should ELIZA spare:
A world should echo with her name.
Art thou departing too, my trembling friend?
Ah draws thy lustre to its end?
Yes, on thy frame, fate too shall fix her seal—
Oh let me pensive watch thy pale decay;
How fast that frame, so tender, wears away!
How fast thy life the restless minutes steal!
How slender, now, alas! thy thread of fire!
Ah! falling—falling, ready to expire!
In vain thy struggles—all will soon be o'er—
At life thou snatchest, with an eager leap:
Now round, I see thy flame so feeble creep,
Faint, lessening, quivering, glimmering, now no more!
Thus shall the SUNS of science sink away,
And thus of beauty fade the fairest flower;
For where's the GIANT, who to TIME shall say,
"Destructive tyrant I arrest thy power."

For the NEW-YORK WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

A petition for a greater prosperity of the GOSPEL.

BEHOLD, O Lord! thy people's sloth;
Yet crying out, "We've time enough!"—
On ruin's brink they senseless stray,
Where hell wide gapes to seize its prey.

O, rouse them up, and let them see
How far they've turn'd aside from thee;
Convince them of the snare they're in,
And let thy work afresh begin.

Mount thy white horse and conqu'ring go,
Till Satan sinks to realms of woe:
Erect thy standard in his place,
And carry on thy work of grace.

Till all mankind to thee return,
And nations in a day are born;
When earth shall from her conflicts rest,
With pardon and salvation blest.

Then will we shout, and loudly sing
Hosannas to our Saviour King;
Who in this world for us was slain,
To save us from eternal pain.

ETHICUS.

NORTH-CASTLE, January 10, 1791.